



## Straw hat full of dimes.



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### Chapter 1 by Donovan L. Summers

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I used to have a lot of Journals when I was kid. I would write about my day and have my mom read them back to me. It made me feel special and no matter how irritated she may have got internally she always smiled and read my meandering entries with glee. I was a young kid so they weren't the best written pieces of subjective literature that you've ever heard, but they worked well enough to house my thoughts. I think I got my first one when I was like 6 or so and my Daddy said he picked it up on a whim on his way out of the store one evening. He said he got it for himself. But being the working man that he was, he never had the time to jot down more than a few words into the thing. So one day he tossed the little leather booklet on my bed when I was laying on it reading the newest Superman comic book that I had just picked up at Wallies, (the old toy shop on Main that shut down a few years back). He instantly began to exit and said while walking "I aint got the time sport you do somethin' with it, god knows you got the imagination", or something like that. I put down my book and crawled to foot of my old racecar bed and stared at the little booklet. I opened it and saw the first page ripped out, I always wondered what it said. The page I was now looking at said "Scotty's Journal" I was young but I knew that my dad had pretty much "designed" a diary for me. I didn't really care though. Most of

my schoolmates called me sissy boy anyways. I didn't like sports and going outside only to get sweaty and dirty. I preferred reading. I was enveloped in media and was growing up at a time when reading was a daily habit of writing in that old thing until Dad

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didn't see my Dad again until I was 10. In his time away I became obsessed with writing in that thing. See before I would just tell him about my day but now this little journal was my new Dad in a way. I became hooked and used what little allowance I could get to buy more journals, killing my comic book fund and in turn completely halting my intake of super hero misadventures. Even when my Dad finally did make his way back I was hooked. I didn't stop until I entered high school and started getting distracted by both girls and my belated interest in sports. So it makes me wonder how I ended up here. No longer in peaceful Charlotte, but in the heat cloaked bustle of Los Angeles. I'm sitting here in that very city writing in a 99 cent journal I happened to find at the gas station a few blocks down. I guess I got nostalgic and wanted to recapture the feeling I got 19 years ago when I received that first journal from my Dad. I'm sitting here outside an old bar with my guitar and a straw hat full of dimes. Gramps gave me that hat the summer I went to work at his farm out in Wythe County Virginia. I think that was sometime around 1951 but I can't be sure. I'm taking a bit of a break I guess so I can write and take a drink of water. The heat is complete bullshit down here and it's hard to play guitar when you're baking in the rays of the mighty sun. I have to manage though, or else I won't have dinner tonight. Everyday I think about how I got here. How my life end up with me living in a tent outside my buddy Jerry's Mom's house, only managing to get some money when I put in a rough shift playing Johnny Cash in 3000 degree weather. But now I have you journal. Not sure if I want to write my life story or if I want to write about the here and now, all I do know is that I will be writing in you till the very last page. Look at me talking to a book like it a person. I really must be losing my mind. I have to get back to playing. I say I got about 30 cents in total. I guess I lied when I told you my hat was full. I think I will end these how I used to end my entries back in North Carolina. So until later Journal, I'm gonna put you in my pocket and hopefully not forget about you.

,Scotty

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